Compromised

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Compromised

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

There's a certain artifact that Hannibal has acquired, and he's curious what Will would do with it.

Notes

Ro decided I was the one that had to write this, and here we are!! Inspired by Mads in the bondage outfit in *Doctor Strange*.

“Where on earth did you get this?!” Will asked in naked disbelief. The object waiting in Hannibal’s bedroom, set up on a custom rack, was esoteric even by Hannibal’s standards. It looked like it could be archeologically related to his samurai armor, but it was far more complex and articulated than anything already on display.

“It’s Middle Eastern. Very old. Rediscovered in Tibet in the 10th century.” Hannibal provided these details as if he was speaking about a particularly rare bottle of wine, not what appeared to be a device that would make even the most experienced bondage practitioners both intimidated and confused.

Will walked around it, twice. He had a difficult time figuring out how the person that would be encapsulated in it would even be able to stay upright. It was clear that the device was meant to put the person who wore it on their knees, with their arms held partially outstretched, and behind their back. But it seemed to him that it would make them unbalanced, in danger of toppling forward with the slightest push. Then he noticed that there was a sort of...kickstand? For lack of a better word. It would brace the wearer from the front at their waist.

The other thing that really stood out to Will was that it was clearly sized for someone a little larger than him. While he was aware that he had a strong, solid physique, he wasn’t particularly broad at the shoulders. If this artifact was as old as Hannibal had claimed, and he had no reason to doubt the man’s expertise, it would have been meant to hold someone considered quite large for the time, as increased nutritional sources had made the average human quite a bit larger over the previous millennia or so.

“You don’t expect to put me in this,” he stated. It was neutral, a fact. He looked at Hannibal, who could not resist a small smile.

“As you might have guessed, I do not think it would fit you.”

Continued realizations, and corresponding expressions, crept slowly over Will’s face. A few times he opened his mouth as if to speak, but couldn’t put his thoughts, which were running away from him, into words. Eventually he gave up trying to speak, and circled around the thing. He tentatively reached out to touch one of the parts that looked like a human rib, but stopped before he touched it. He looked up at Hannibal and arched his eyebrow. Hannibal nodded, and Will ran his fingers over the metal, down to the leather straps that held them together. They seemed unusually supple given their age, and Will guessed they’d been replaced, a restoration perhaps.

The metal was smooth, and unexpectedly warm. *It must be made of something incredibly conductive,* he thought. *It’s absorbed the heat in the room. If one were wearing it,* he supposed, *it wouldn’t do for it to be too cold*…

After he analyzed it and catalogued it in his mind this way, he allowed himself to start thinking about the fact that Hannibal clearly planned on it being used on himself. He was afraid he’d begin to hyperventilate, and Hannibal must have sensed this, because he put his hand on Will’s shoulder. It steadied him immediately and he took a deep breath.

Hannibal looked at him gently. “Do you think you can do this?” he asked.

Will covered Hannibal’s hand with his own, then moved it down to his waist. He leaned into him, taking in Hannibal’s scent, grazing his lips over his neck. He felt Hannibal tremble, just slightly, and knew that he could.

. . . . .

Will stepped back and admired the scene before him. It had taken some time, patience, and trial and error to fit Hannibal into the suit. Even Hannibal did not know exactly how to make all the pieces fit together and function, but he was more than knowledgeable enough about it, enabling him to puzzle it out.

Part of the problem was that it had obviously not been designed to be used on an unclothed person, but naked Hannibal was. Will had to fasten the last parts of it, after Hannibal’s arms had been immobilized, and he was worried that the leather straps at his groin would pinch and chafe if fastened incorrectly.

Thus, he’d taken great pains to prevent injury, spending many minutes eye level with Hannibal’s groin, watching intently as his exposed cock twitched every time Will touched him. Sympathetic motions occurred inside Will’s own pants, and he started feeling very confined indeed. He found this funny, as he was free and Hannibal was increasingly immobilized.

“Something amuses you?” Hannibal asked in response to Will’s snicker, which he had failed to completely suppress.

Will wasn’t in the mood to answer that seriously, so instead he silenced further commentary by attaching the mouthpiece. Hannibal only looked at Will as if impressed. He hadn’t been sure whether or not Will would use this last piece. He began to be genuinely intrigued about where this was heading.

The situation, where Will was entirely clothed and Hannibal was not, was the reverse of what usually happened. They’d been vulnerable with each other in many states, but something about this new experience made Will’s head feel light. He could do *anything.* He began to imagine what Hannibal would do if he were the one circling Will’s immobilized body, and a few ideas took shape in his mind. He knew that what Hannibal would most want to do is drive Will beyond his physical capacity for pleasure and then keep going.

Will put aside the growing discomfort in his jeans, and focused on Hannibal’s breathing. It was regular, even, deep. *That would soon change*, he’d decided.

“This thing I’ve got you inside of…it has made you really vulnerable. How wide apart your knees are for you to be able to balance.”

Hannibal let out a muffled “Mmmm?” Will interpreted it as asking him to explain the significance of his observation.

“Here, let me show you,” Will said. He pulled up a low ottoman behind Hannibal. Before he sat, he found what he needed in the bedside table drawer.

He slicked up two fingers with Hannibal’s very high quality lubricant and started stroking his hole, so easily accessible from this angle. Will put his other hand on Hannibal’s back, and felt him trying to regulate his breathing. He had a more difficult time doing this after Will entered him slowly, going straight to Hannibal’s prostate.

Will leaned back to get the full view of what he was doing to Hannibal. He kept massaging him inside, and watched as Hannibal’s cock began leaking, slowly at first, then without interruption.

It was impressive to watch him try to control his breath. The tendons in his arms stood out in clear definition as Will stroked, applying even pressure, at varying speeds. The curve of his muscles became more defined as a sheen of sweat appeared on his body.

Still Will drew this out. After all, that’s what Hannibal would do to him. When the precum flowed most, he’d slow down, repeating a pattern of backing off, slowing down, going faster. Then he’d stop and repeat it. Each time, Hannibal’s body tensed, but went nearly limp again when Will didn’t push him over the edge.

“I think you’re close now,” Will said at one point, no different than any of the last half a dozen times that he had brought him to the edge, and Hannibal’s eyes looked back at him through heavy lids. His thighs were trembling. He clearly wanted to move, to get more contact, faster, anything, but Will denied him and the device prevented him.

Hannibal moaned around the bit in his mouth, a small crack in the armor of his self-control. Will rewarded him by giving him more stimulation. Hannibal allowed himself to make more noise, and Will changed his rhythm, increasing the moments when he applied direct pressure to Hannibal’s prostate.

Whether Hannibal figured out what Will wanted to hear, or simply became incapable of holding back anymore, Will wasn’t sure. He suspected it was a bit of both. In any case, the result was the same; Will started to feel the tipping point of Hannibal’s orgasm, that unmistakable pulsing contraction that squeezed his fingers, even as he still stroked inside.

Will drew it out as long as he could, but Hannibal’s violent trembling betrayed him.

“That’s it, you can let go now..,” Will said quietly, almost lovingly. He put his other hand on Hannibal’s lower back, and as if he’d been waiting for this permission, he finally let himself go.

Watching as Hannibal’s cock throbbed and jerked, Will kept murmuring encouraging sounds and caressing Hannibal’s back. It went on for a while, more coming as Will kept stroking him inside, well past the point of overstimulation. Cum flowed down Hannibal’s pulsing length, more than Will had imagined him capable of producing.

Eventually, Hannibal’s body, which had been straining and tense, sagged in his bonds. Only then did Will slowly withdraw his fingers.

He stood and walked around to Hannibal's face, who opened his eyes, watching Will expectantly. Will smiled down at him, smoothing his damp hair back from his forehead. He released the gag, and brought a glass of water he'd had nearby to Hannibal's lips. He drank carefully, letting it rehydrate his surprisingly parched throat.

"How do you feel?" Will asked.

"Drained. Still very exposed. Like you've opened me to more than just a physical exploration."

"I can relate. You've often made me feel the same. And more."

Will caressed Hannibal's jaw, which he leaned into. The contrast between them, Will standing and clothed, Hannibal, naked, stiffly confined on his knees made Will acutely aware of how confined *he* was starting to feel. He hadn't been paying attention to how aroused he was, concentrating on what he had been doing to Hannibal, but now he noticed that he *ached.*

He continued touching Hannibal's face, who slowly licked his lips. He smiled minutely, knowing full well what he was doing.

With a sigh of both relief and resignation, Will started unzipping his jeans. Hannibal closed his eyes and breathed slowly through parted lips, *waiting* and ready to serve his next purpose.

Another thing that Will hadn't noticed was that he'd been leaking nearly as much as Hannibal had. *Both in sympathy and empathy,* he thought to himself. *And no small measure of selfish desire.*

But Hannibal was giving of himself freely, that much was clear even though he couldn't actually resist. Once freed, Will stroked his cock, which gave him less relief than he'd expected. He brought the slick head to Hannibal's unfathomly perfect lips, and delighted in the sensation of their heat and softness.

"You wanted me to do this, didn't you?" Will asked, not expecting an answer. He got something of one when Hannibal ardently tasted him, tongue slowly tracing each ridge and valley of the flesh before him as he would the most exquisite dish his culinary skills could produce.

"Fuck," Will sighed, and pushed inside without pausing, Hannibal accepting the hard length down. Will moved his hand from Hannibal's jaw to his throat, and placed the other on the back of his neck. He marveled at how much he could feel by touching Hannibal from the outside; the tendons working in his neck, the way his Adam's apple worked as he swallowed around Will and took him deeper still.

He'd wanted to maintain control, but Hannibal had a way of making Will do what he wanted, even completely immobilized. And what he apparently wanted now was for Will to lose himself to this, and who was he to argue? Hannibal couldn't use his hands, couldn't even move his head back and forth, but yet he was driving Will close to the edge. His tongue and throat and lips more than made up for anything else he couldn't do. And Will had been more aroused, more stimulated, by massaging Hannibal's prostate than he had realized.

Will moved his hand down, and drove his fingers into Hannibal's shoulder. He briefly worried he might choke him, and pulled back just enough to give him the chance to take in a deep breath, before again pushing in, hard, against the back of his throat. Hannibal moaned around his cock, and that was all Will could bear.

All thoughts of concern fled Will's mind as he began to cum, holding Hannibal firmly and steady, although he needn't have bothered – Hannibal wouldn't have let him pull back even if Will had wanted to.

In the end, Will was just as drained as Hannibal. He finally managed to pull out, smearing the last few drops of cum over Hannibal's bruised lips. He felt his knees begin to buckle, and decided to just give in. He sank down to face Hannibal, and nestled his head into the crook of his neck, breathing hard against his skin.

When he regained the ability to speak, Will sat back on his heels to witness Hannibal smiling down at him.

"How did you know I would do that?" Will asked.

"I would have done the same. I would not have been able to resist you, if you offered yourself to me."

"Is that what happened? I could interpret the situation differently, that I took what was before me."

Hannibal arched an eyebrow. "That is not how you thought of it."

Will smiled. "You're right, I didn't. But it seems strange to argue the finer points of consent with someone in your compromised position."

Again, Hannibal smiled that secret, mystifying smile. "I am always compromised by you, Will. No level of bondage, absent or present, would alter that."

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